

# Green Man

## Type O Negative

Spring won't come, the need of strife to struggle  
To be freed from hard ground  
The evenings mists that creep and crawl  
Will drench me in dew and so drown I'm the green man  
The green man Sol in prime sweet summertime  
Cast shadows of doubt on my face  
A midday sun, it's caustic hues  
Refracting within the still lake I'm the green man  
The green man Autumn in her flaming dress  
Of orange, brown, gold fallen leaves  
My mistress of the frigid night  
I worship, pray to on my knees Winter's breath of filthy snow  
Befrosted paths to the unknown  
Have my lips turned true purple  
Life is coming to an end  
So says me, me wiccan friend  
Nature coming full circle Winter's breath of filthy snow  
Befrosted paths to the unknown  
Have my lips turned true purple  
Life is coming to an end  
So says me, me wiccan friend  
Nature coming full circle I'm the green man  
The green man I'm the green man  
The green man

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